



SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

NUMBER 8.

#### A WOMAN OF FORTY SUMMERS.

Full of outline and fair of face,  
Swinging her fan with languid grace,  
White arms gleaming through folds of lace,  
A woman of forty summers.

No thread of white in the auburn hair,  
No line of age in the forehead fair,  
A life unmarred by touch of care,  
In spite of her forty summers.

A husband-lover and children sweet,  
Pleasures to charm and friends to greet,  
Roses scattered before her feet,  
Through each of her forty summers.

Summers all, for winters bold  
Have snatched her sunshine and made her  
cold;  
Have killed her roses and left her old;  
Nothing she knows but summers.

Nothing she knows of laden cloud,  
Of freezing air and tempests loud,  
Of snows that weave for Hope a shroud;  
Her life has been only summers.

So calm she sits in the balmy air,  
No sorrows to fret, no cross to bear,  
A summer idyl, a vision fair,  
This woman of forty summers.

Yet cold and blast but make us strong,  
After the snow the robin's song;  
To the fullest life by right belong  
The winters as well as summers.

And they whom fame shall carve in stone,  
The women whom men would fain en-  
throned,  
The women whom God has stamped His  
own.

Live winters as well as summers.  
—Jenness Miller Monthly.

#### HOW THE BANK WAS ROBBED.



FIVE years ago, in a certain good-sized town in Blankshire, there lived a family consisting of husband, wife, and two children—a boy aged 5 and a girl of 7. Mitchell was a private banker, known to be honest, respectable, and worth a clear twenty thousand pounds. I knew little or nothing about the family until certain incidents occurred. One day his wife was fatally injured in a railway collision at a point fifty-eight miles from home. When he reached her, in response to a telegram sent by a stranger, he found she had been removed to a hotel, and was being tenderly cared for by a woman who gave her name as Mrs. A. B. Gray. She was in the train, but suffered no injury.

Mrs. Gray, I might as well tell you, was petite, good-looking, a good talker, and, in a general way, captivating. The fact of her taking charge of Mrs. Mitchell as she had done proved her tender heart. She told Mr. Mitchell she had been a widow eighteen months, and was practically alone in the world, and though he was burdened with grief and anxiety he did not forget to thank her for her great kindness and to take her address. He would have offered her money for her service, but he saw that she was a lady and would feel hurt by any such action. She resumed her journey and he took his wife home to die of her injuries.

It was three weeks after her death that I came into the case. After everything was over the husband suddenly discovered that his dead wife's jewelry was missing. She had with her when the accident took place about two hundred pounds' worth of diamonds. They had disappeared, and when he came to run over events in his mind he could not remember that they had come with her. Mrs. Gray had handed to him Mrs. Mitchell's purse and a few other things, but a pair of diamond ear-drops, two rings and a pin were missing.

I was employed to proceed to the scene of the late accident and seek to trace the jewelry. The collision had occurred close to the station of a small town. People about the station and at the hotel assured me that Mrs. Mitchell had her jewelry on when taken to the hotel. The landlord's wife and the doctor who was called in were positive and when I had worked the case out I returned home to report to Mitchell that nobody but Mrs. Gray could have taken the jewelry.

He was astonished and indignant, and not only vigorously repudiated the implication, but dismissed me from the case with the assertion that I was a novice in the profession.

I went about other business, and it was about four months before I saw Mitchell again. Then he sent for me

in an official capacity again. No reference was made to my previous work, but fresh troubles had come to him.

A month after the death of his wife he had opened correspondence with Mrs. Gray, and the result was that she had come to take charge of his house. He was without relatives, or, at least, without those who could aid him in his situation, and she claimed to be free in her movements. You will suspect, just as I did, that she had captivated him, but he fought shy of any acknowledgment of the sort. She was in his house, he said, to care for his children, and to manage his domestic matters, and that was no one's business but his own.

The bank owned by Mr. Mitchell was situated exactly in the rear of his private residence. The house fronted on one street and the bank on another, and there being no street between, the back garden of the house led up to the back door of the bank, and Mitchell used to come and go through the garden. In the rear of the banking rooms, divided off by the usual railing, were the private offices and vaults. A burglar alarm was connected with the front doors and windows, but none with the back.

A large and savage dog guarded the rear, having a kennel close to the door. What the banker wanted to see me about was this. He had not only missed money from his wallet at night, but on one or two occasions considerable sums of money had been taken from a small safe which stood in his office outside the vault. One of the mysteries was in the taking of the money. He employed a teller and a bookkeeper, neither of whom had a key to the safe or vault—unless it was a duplicate made without his knowledge. Neither had the word of combination of the vault, and it seemed impossible that they could have taken the money even if so inclined. Both were perfectly honest so far as any one knew, and Mitchell was all at sea over the mystery.

He had not been talking to me five minutes when I would have declared that Mrs. Gray was the guilty party, but, of course, I did not drop a hint of my suspicions to him. When it came to my turn to ask questions I found out that he was a very sound sleeper; that he occupied a front bedroom with his son; that Mrs. Gray and the girl occupied one at the rear of his, with an entrance to both from the hall, that the keys of the bank safe and vault were always kept under his pillow at night. In addition, Mrs. Gray had won the hearts of his children, if not his own, and it was only by the strongest argument that she had been induced to accept a salary of two pounds a week while occupying her position. It was as plain as daylight to me that Mitchell meant to marry her in due course of time, but it wasn't at all plain as to what sort of a scheme she was engaged upon.

I took charge of the case, told Mitchell I had a theory, and then began to study Mrs. Gray. I found her to be a sweet and innocent-looking little woman, seemingly devoted to the children. As it was summer time she was out a great deal, and I determined to follow her. It seemed to be time thrown away, however.

I had been engaged a month on the case, and made no discovery, when the outside safe was robbed again. A deposit of some deeds had come in at the last moment, and had been placed there for the night. The whole lot amounted to about two hundred pounds, and deeds and bank notes were missing next morning. The safe had not only been opened with a key but the bank had been entered by unlocking the back door. No one could have entered by the front without sounding an alarm. No stranger could have entered by the back on account of the dog, who was wide awake and on the alert.

When Mitchell sent for me to give me the news I was perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Gray was the guilty person. I believed she had the nerve to enter his room in the night, secure the keys, and then slip through the back garden, enter the bank, and open the safe. When I learned that the door was unlocked, I was indeed for the moment a certainty. I was positive that she had done it. He wanted to suspect his two employees, but when he had discussed the matter he was made to see that it was altogether unlikely that either of them was guilty. Indeed, he was alone in the bank when the deeds and money came in, and he alone knew where the deposit was placed.

After this I turned to Mrs. Gray again, and in about a week something happened to prove that I was on the right trail.

One of the tram-car lines of the town ran down to the railway station. It was Mrs. Gray's habit of an afternoon to ride on this line with the little girl

as far as the town park, and to sit near a fountain and read, while the girl romped about with other children.

On the third afternoon after the robbery, she occupied her usual seat for an hour without anything happening. I sat on a bench behind her, about thirty feet away, and by-and-by I observed that she was writing a note with a pencil. She did it so deftly that one sitting in front of her could not have guessed what she was doing. Beside her was a large, shady tree, and as near as I could make out she disposed of the note when folded up somewhere about the tree.

When she left I followed her for a short distance, and looking back I saw a young and well-dressed man occupying the place vacated by her. An hour later, when I was able to examine the tree, I found a hollow in the trunk just on a line with her shoulder as she sat on the seat.

My theory was that she had an accomplice—the young man whom I had seen. The hollow in the tree was their postoffice.

Next day I was at the park half an hour before her usual time, and behold! the young man was occupying the bench. As she appeared he got up and took a seat a hundred feet away, and by watching closely I saw that she took a note from the tree. Before leaving she wrote one in reply, and after she had gone I saw him remove it.

I was now certain I was on the right trail, and went to Mitchell to secure some particulars I wished to know. I told him I had a clue, but would not reveal which way it led. I learned from him that the combination of the vault door had four numbers, and he alone knew it. It had been changed about a month after Mrs. Gray's arrival, and he hesitatingly owned that the word was "Aimee," which was her Christian name. He would not, however, admit that this fact was known to her.

For two weeks after securing this information I hardly ever saw Mrs. Gray. For some reason she remained at home. By dint of inquiry I discovered from Mitchell that the money needed to pay the men at a coal mine and also at a large factory was deposited with him on the fourteenth of every month. It was simply passed to him to be locked in the vault over night, as it came from London by messenger. I reasoned that Mrs. Gray would get this information out of him in some way or that her accomplice would discover it, and that she would probably make an attempt to rob the bank on the night of the fourteenth.

On the twelfth day of August she exchanged notes at the park, also on the thirteenth. On this latter date I shadowed the young man for three hours. Among the things he did was to go to the station and inquire about various night trains, and particularly one which passed along the line half an hour after midnight.

I promised Mitchell that a climax would soon be reached, and then staked my all on what might happen on the night of the fourteenth.

At 8 o'clock of that evening I threw a piece of "dosed" meat to his dog from a neighboring garden, and at 10 I softly climbed the fence, to find the canine in his kennel, and ill enough to remain there. I lay down within ten feet of him, behind a bush, and it was an hour and a half before anything happened.

Everybody was in bed by that time, and I was not greatly surprised when a female figure, which I guessed to be Mrs. Gray, passed within five feet of me, going toward the bank.

She stopped at the kennel to speak to the dog, then opened the back door and entered.

I did not move from my hiding-place until she reappeared, about twenty minutes after. She carefully looked the bank, and as she passed me on her way to the house, I followed quickly. The key she laid on the back steps, softly opened the side gate, and I let her reach the street before I brought matters to a climax.

She had just got out of the gate when she was seized by a man, but great favorite of her, indeed for the bank, and the alarm was given. He was a certainty. I was positive that she had done it. He wanted to suspect his two employees, but when he had discussed the matter he was made to see that it was altogether unlikely that either of them was guilty. Indeed, he was alone in the bank when the deeds and money came in, and he alone knew where the deposit was placed.

What a fearless woman she was. She simply laughed as I led her up the steps and rang the bell to arouse Mitchell, and when I had told him all, and gave him the money and the keys to prove the robbery, she just smiled, and said:

"Well, what of it?"

The "What of it?" astounded me. Mitchell, however, resolved not to let the public know that his bank could be so easily robbed; nor would he have

society know that he had been duped by an adventuress, so, after a consultation, he actually gave the woman fifty pounds in cash to clear out, which she speedily did.—Yankee Blade.

#### OVER THE WRONG WIRE.

A Telephone Message in Switzerland—Its Consequence to an American

"When I was in Switzerland," said the returned traveler to a writer for the Detroit Free Press, "I had an accident happen to me that almost caused my death. I was stopping at a hotel at the foot of a mountain and, one of the hottest nights I ever felt anywhere, I went to my room, and, opening everything, I went to bed and to sleep, for I was dead tired after a long, hard day's climb on the mountain. I don't know how long I slept, but for a long time before I woke I was dreaming that I had died and gone below, and had struck the hottest place that locality had to offer. I rolled over in torment, and squirmed, and had really a devil of a time, but at last I came to my senses enough to get up and see what was the matter. Then I discovered that all my windows had been closed, a fire made in the big stove in the room and a foot thick of cover laid over me.

"I was so weak I could hardly stand when I first got out of that actual hotbed of Satan, but a few minutes at the window, which I opened, refreshed me very much, and as soon as I could I got down to the office. There I found a mild-mannered chap, and I am ready to bet he never got such a tongue-lashing as I gave him before he had a chance to either apologize or fight. I knew he wouldn't fight, and after a while he began to explain. The first thing he said was to the effect that I ordered the fire and extra cover and I went at him worse than ever. No doubt I would have sailed in and kicked him through a skylight, but my racket raised the proprietor, a very nice fellow, and he came out to see what the matter was. Well, it took him a long time to get it straight, but it seems that the wire from the telephone in my room—the hotel was new and had all the latest wrinkles—had somehow got mixed up with a wire that led up to the other hotel on the mountain above the snow line, and that a guest up there in trying to telephone to his hotel chap that he was freezing to death and wanted fire and cover, and the whole business got onto my wire and my hotel chap had got the message as he thought from me, and thinking Americans were semi-savage anyhow, forthwith sent a servant up to my room, hot as it was, with instructions to heat things up and give me plenty of cover, and by no means to disturb me or I'd kill somebody. Just what took place I don't know; all I know is that I didn't get over the effects of it for a month, and now I muzzle every telephone I catch in my room, I don't care where it leads to."

#### Poor, but Rich.

Once in New England, says a writer in the Outlook, I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked:

"He is a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?"

I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment and then said:

"You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors, his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he has got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old man's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he wants these things he is certainly poor.

#### Found \$1,000 on a Pauper.

While friends were engaged in preparing for burial the body of a supposed pauper in Atlantic City, N. J., the other day, they found strapped around his waist a money belt which contained nearly \$1,000 in greenbacks and gold coin. How he managed to save the money is unknown.

#### SHE INSURES LIVES.

The Only Woman Agent in San Francisco.

No more successful insurance agent lives in San Francisco than Mrs. M. L. Harrison, who handles in that city the woman's department business of the Pacific States Life Company. She is the only woman in the country holding such a position. Some years ago, having through bereavement found herself thrown on her own resources, she turned her attention to the insurance business.

She devoured vast quantities of literature on the attitude of the various companies toward women policyholders, and found that in every instance they were charged at the rate of \$5 a thousand more than the men were. This she regarded as rank injustice, and she set about seeing if there was not some remedy for the state of affairs. She hunted up statistics and consulted business men on the subject, and finally evolved a plan to eliminate sex entirely from the proposition.

She unfolded her plan to the president and directors of the Pacific States Company, and succeeded in convincing them that a plan she proposed was feasible. A special department was created for her; rooms were fitted up in the Stock Exchange Building, and the new agent was given a corps of female assistants.

Mrs. Harrison has two large rooms fitted up in the Japanese style, and receives her agents there, says the San Francisco Examiner. She is a thoroughly capable business woman, and full of graceful tact. She has a great desk that is bristling with papers and documents and pamphlets, and can enmesh her women agents as easily as she can write a policy. She pays her agents the same rates as the men solicitors are paid in the other departments, and from dependent to wealthy insurer all rise up and call her blessed. This little woman isn't the least bit in the world like one's idea of an advanced creature of her sex, but is as dainty and lovely as a piece of Dresden china. She has two young daughters, whom she is going to train into being insurance women.

#### The Eyes of the Eagle.

All birds of prey have a peculiarity of eye structure that enables them to see near or distant objects equally well. An eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height and from that elevation can see its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty, says an exchange. Yet the same bird can scrutinize with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, thus possessing a power of accommodating its sight to distance in a manner to which the human eye is unfitted and of which it is totally incapable. In looking at a printed page we find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness, but if the page be moved a distance of forty inches or brought within a distance of five inches we find it impossible to read it at all. A scientific man would therefore call ten inches the focus, or focal distance, of our eyes. This distance cannot be altered except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of its eye just as it pleases. It has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinction. Of course, the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance that the Creator has supplied for its accommodation. It employs it instinctively and because it cannot help it. The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring and their edges slightly overlap each other. When it looks at a distant object this little circle of bones expands and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; when it looks at a very near object the little bones press together and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to every one. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make its eyes round or flat and see with equal clearness at any distance.

#### Worse than Birds on Hats.

The good people who have been decrying the wearing of birds on feminine headgear so long and so vigorously should turn their attention to the powder-puff. The powder-puff, according to the reformer, is "heavy with the blood of slaughtered innocents." It is said that 20,000 young swans are killed each year to supply women with this airy and indispensable nothing.

#### HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

#### Sprinkles of Spice.

"I lost my head completely. And then I kissed her." "I don't quite see how you managed it!"—Life.

Ella—"You ought to have seen Jack when he proposed." Stella (meanly)—"Oh, I've seen him."—Boston Courier.

Miss Elderbody—"I hate men who are always making love." Miss Sorcebox—"To others?"—Boston Transcript.

Kitty—"Isn't that a very expensive suit Dicky Doubtful has on?" Tom—"Yes; for his tailor."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

He—"I think Percy Giblettes is a perfect calf." She—"You misjudge him. He could not be perfect in anything."—Syracuse Post.

Harry—"I always wear a hat to suit my head; hang the style." Dick—"Yes, I noticed that a soft hat is your favorite."—Boston Globe.

Teacher—"Robbie, have you a good excuse for being late?" Robbie—"Yes'm; buckwheat cakes and syrup."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Is Miss Hicks as shy and backward as she used to be?" "Well, if you don't think so just watch her get off a street car once."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cynic—"How's that novel of yours coming along?" Scribbler—"It isn't coming along. I forgot to inclose stamps for its return."—Syracuse Post.

"How is your sister getting on with her singing lessons?" "Well, papa has taken the wadding out of his ears for the first time to-day."—Fliegende Blätter.

"Scientists say that there are microbes in kisses," said Miss Kittish to Mr. Hunker. "Happy microbes!" exclaimed the young man, ecstatically.—Life.

Wife (at breakfast)—"I didn't hear you when you came in last night." Husband—"I guess that's the reason I didn't hear you."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mrs. Watts—"You have a most remarkably hard face, to tell you the truth." Dismal Dawson—"Yes'm, that is because it is so dry."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bloobs—"Do you think the average man is as stupid before he marries as he is afterwards?" Cynicus—"Certainly, or he wouldn't get married."—Philadelphia Record.

After the concert: He—"I envy that man who sang the tenor solo." She—"Why, I thought he had a very poor voice." He—"So did I. But just think of his nerve!"—Life.

"Which is my part in this duet?" asked the prima donna of her husband, who was the tenor. "Your part? Here it is, of course. The one with the last words in it."—Washington Star.

Sunday School Teacher—When George Washington's father forgave him for cutting down the cherry tree what lesson did it teach? Little Johnnie—That he had buried the hatchet.—Judge.

Mrs. Murphy—"Yes, sonny, I've had a fruit stand on this block for thirty years." Tim Ryan—"If you'd have advertised you might have owned the block by this time."—Boston Globe.

She—"Do you think I look as old as they say I do?" He—"If you mean the gentlemen, I say yes; but if you mean as old as your lady friends say, I say no, decidedly."—Syracuse Transcript.

Collector—"You say that you are not liable to income tax? Why, you must be spending \$25,000 a year! Jack Dashing—Very likely; but what has that to do with my income?"—New York Sun.

Hamlet—I had a funny experience on the road recently. Yorick—What was that? Hamlet—Why, the management gave us our salary regularly every week for two weeks.—Syracuse Post.

Wiggins—"My boy, if you live beyond your income you are bound to come to grief." Spenditt—"My dear fellow, if I had to live within it, I would be miserable even now!"—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Ashpen—I found it almost impossible this morning to get a man to shovel snow. Mrs. Dustbin—Poor fellows! I suppose they're all too busy looking for work.—Roxbury Gazette.

"You don't seem to think this story very funny," complained Smallwort, after he had finished. "Oh, yes, I do," answered Ford. "Go ahead and tell some more of it."—Cincinnati Tribune.